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Doetry.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON." know of a land where the streets are With the things which we mean luve saved It is walled with money we ment to have saved. And the pleasures for which we grieve. The kind words unspoken, the promhand broked,

And many a covated boon, Are stowed away in that land some-"The land of "Pretty Soon." There uncht juwely of possible fame Lying about in the dust, And many a doble and lofty alm Onbered with mold and rust, And oh, this place, white it seems

Is further away than the moon Though our purpose is fair, yet The land of "Pretty Boon." The road that leads to that myatlo

- Strewn with pitiful wrocks; I il the ships that have salled for its shining stand Il ar skeletone on their decks. It is further at moon than it was at And further at night then at noon; Oh, let us howare of that land down The land of "Pretty Soon."

Belect Family Reading

THE WAR THE THE THE MILLIONAIRE'S CALLER.

The state of E was a tall old man with a stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wenr, the sleaves of his cost being fair ly slippery in their threadbare state. But there was a little trace of the in firmitles of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes turned toward the dingy old clock over the dingy old mentle. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting room and its upper half was glass. Through this transparont medium the old man could keep a watchful eyo on his omployees. It saved sudden incursions into the other room. Those clerks and bookkeepers never know when the elecplose eye of the grin old master was turned in

their direction. There was no loltering or any other form of Telaxation in that laugh. busy counting room. From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were deserted. It was the luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky swivel chair and crossing the room pulled down shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to bis desk and producing a smallparcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and few cruckers. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them He was grawing at the apple when a light rap at the coun ing room door drew his attention. At first he was incited to believe that his care had de-

coived him. The the rancame againrat, tat, tat. "Come lo," he cried, and there was nothing suggestive of hospitality in the peremptory tone. "Como in." A hand fumbled with the knob and then the door awang open. A child

girl with sunny curls and a dainty pink know. There's clothes to buy, an' what | He suddenly laughed. "How do you do?" said the astopish ing vision. "Are you pretty well? Bo a little bobbing curtacy and throw him live?"

a fascinating amile. "Where did you come from?" growled the old man. "I comed out from here," replied the little mald. "I peeked through the

glass under the ourtain an' I saw you." She laughed merrily. "An' I thought you was a big ogro catin' all by yourself. You don't out little girls, do witchery of her sinlle. "Not when

they are good little girle," he gruffly The child hughed merrily. "You'e a splendid ogre," she cried and clapped her hunds. "Much better'n papa. What's you catln' P"

He heatly pushed the crackers and the remains of the apple aside. "My luncheon," he answered. "But you haven't told me where you com He was surprised at himself for

showing this interest in the child. "I foined down to see papa," she answered. "Mamma brought mo an' left me here 'cause she's goin' shoppin' and there's flores crowds an' little girls might get hurt. An' I brought papa's lunch an' mamma will call for me. Au' I'm to keep awful still, 'cause the man papa works for is very, very cross,

an' he can't hear to have children | tr "What's that?" snapped the old The old man laughed again. "Do it

Heve. Please oun't I come in a wee bit it's good for helpin' those that need fucther ?" "Come in if you want to," said the old man a little ungracionaly. She smilled as she slowly advanced. "It always pays to be polite," she said.

"That's what mamma tells me. If I had sald, can I come in, without any please, you might have said we don't want no little girls round here to-day -they're such a nulsance. An' besides. I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause you see, pape had to go to the oustom house 'bout something purilckier, an' I'm mostauro Theard a big rat under the desk brush.

Box 450, Acton, Ont. , He's a very pice man."

you to come in here and see may

waste such a nice funch, an' he laugh- | can't get bles a chair like he needs, dark eyes spankted. "Please will you laughed in such a funny way. Mr. watch through the door real close just Ramsey is the mid be works for, you s,minute? . If the rat sees you, lookin' be won't come out. Just a minute," and the turned and frotted into the counting room. In a moment who was back again with a long pastyboard box. | my about home Joe an' papa said 'real "Here's the lunch." She looked at him and half cloud har cym, "Let's you

He shook ble boad. "Eat it yourself," he muttered. "I can't tat it all," she oried. Then he pushed his apple and crackers | would it?" into view. She looked at the display | He did not answer her. gravely. "My papa had it once," she said.

an' mo'est i ," she said.

"Had what?" "Dyspensy. He couldn't cut hardly "I sat oulte enough," the old man

omarked. The child looked at him curlously. "Your pretty thin," she said. "Maycover off the box and showed the neat. one! Just imagine 70 candles! ly packed contents. "Now." she said. as she drew out a sandwich. "I'll trade | Do you get many presents ?" you this for two crackers. I don't care for crackers, but it will seem more

His hold the sandwich toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile forget?" atole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended the two crackers and took the proffered andwich. Then he blt a goodly segment from it. "Very good," he said.

wiches. But then I think mamma's always mak : ' things botter'o anybody else can. Don't you find it so?" He paused with the remains of the andwich unlifted. His face grew more "I believe it's a fact that is generally admitted." he said.

The child looked at him with a quick "That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said, "an' I don't understand a word he says: But aln't we havin' a good time, jus' you and mo?" "Why, you," said the old man. think it must be a good time-although

I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge.' The obild regarded him critically. "You do look pretty poor," she said. 'llave another sandwich. Ob, do. An' mercy, here's some cheese, an' a ulcopickle. Yes, you must. Papasaysitien't polite to refuse a lady. That's when

the cheese and crackers. "Rather extravagant," he growled. was standing on the threshold, a little We have to be awful careful, you think about?" wo out, an' the rent. Why, mamma

"Can you swing a cut in it?"

"Swing a cat P" "You can't in our rooms, you know. They're the teenlest things. We're on the fifth floor-but the janitor's a real nice man. He asked me to ask my nana if he'd trade me for two loys. An' papa said to tell him that he might He yielded for a moment to the do it for two boys an' a couple of pounds of radium to boot. An' I told the fanitor, an' he said he guessed napa he wouldn't trade me for all John

The old man had frowned, and then auddenly amiled. "Yes, I've met him," he replied.

"He's very rich, papa says, an' ho lives all alone in a great big house, an' he hasn't any little girl, an' he needs | really substantial chair too." somebody to take care of him. an' all he thinks about is money, money, a good one, an' tell Joe it's a present money ! It's too had to be so righ as from you. What's your name?" that, ion't it?" The old man looked hard at the

"Hut mamma says it's only good for looked up at the old man. what it will buy. It's good for clothes | "Now," she said, "If you please, I'm and what you eat, an' the rent. Then goln' to give you a kies. I always again," she cried. ."I ain't a bit afraid it' good for nice things what you give papa a kies when he's particularly of you. I know it's all just make he specially like, but not too many. Then | nice." holpin', like lame Joe, an' when peonle is sick. An' it's good to have u little in the lank for a rainy daythough I don't see what difference the rain makes. Ain't this enonge cake

"Money is very useful, thou?" "Tie sometimes. When mammin's spare it," he nuswored. mamma dled 'way out in Kuntas manima couldn't go to the funeral 'cause papa was just gettin' over a fever ali' way. all our money was gone, every cent, an' we owed the doctor and the rent. Manuna cried and oried all day." There was a little ellence.

"And what would you do if you bu "Who is your father?" the old-man lots of money, child?" "I'd give most all of it, to mummi "My papa ? Ho's Mister Fonton, Mis. and papa. But I'd keep a little mytor Russell Fenton, Do you know him? self." Sho emiled at him in him bewildering way. "Guera you don't know

"You, I know him. And did he tell what a lot of things you can buy for way. "Fenton," he said, "when your 50 cents! Au then I'd keep some for wife comes for the child tell her, "Morcy, no!" oried the child. "He a chair-the kind you wheel around- please, that I want to have a little didn't may nothin' about you. He just for lame Joe. He's a little boy that business talk with her. I'm thinking said I was to keep very quiet an' he lives near our house an' he can't never of opening up my house." would be back nasoon as he nould. An' walk any more. An' he sits on the said, win't you goin' to cet your steps un' makes faces at us when we couldn't conceal their wonderment. lunch, papa ? An' he said no, he didn't | run by. An' mamma says it's too bad have time, an' I said it was a shame to someledy who has the money to spare ed un' said, 'You sat it,' but after I 'cause it would be such a happiness heard that rat I didn't seem to feel to . him. ' . An' manning says . maybe the mother comes."-The Cleveland hungry." She looked at him and her Mr. Ramsey would buy it, and popul Blain Dealer.

> rombinber.". . "I remember," said the old map. "An' manutha sald she guossed she'd come down school day an' tell Mr. Ramquick he guassed sho'd Better fot. An' mamma sald she was only joking. Funny kind of joking, wasn't it ?" "It sounds that way to me," said the servative Convention held at Milton old man, dryly.

nut a plg. It's very nice. Mamma got as much money as Mr. Ramsey ft Dominion bye-election, pending, all of took extreme pains with it. Let us wouldn't be any trouble ut all for him whom retired except Mr. D. Henderdivide. What's yours?' He healtsted. to buy a chair for a little Jame boy, son, Acton who was the candidate lo

> asked. "I'm alx. ' And how old are you?" He laughed in his unaccustomed

"Mercy It's your birthday! Ob, be I'd be pretty thin too, if I lived on | wish I had known it ! Mamma could side died on the 6th. He was 08 years apple an' crackers. An' now it's my make you such a beautiful birthday of age. turn. Hoe this." And she whisked the leake. Wouldn't it have to be a big think a lot of birthdays at our house

"I'm 70 -- to-day."

"Not one." She looked at him with startled

"I haven't any fulke," The pity on her face deepened. "I'm so sorry for you," she said. Her | gave an excellent anthem. little hand pushed the pastoboard box toward bim. "You shall have the "Manima made 'em herself. Papa other plece of cake." Then her face says she's a dalater at makin' sand- brightened. "Couldn't you buy some presents for yourself?"

He shook his head. apple, and the crackers.

"Perhaps you are too poor?" she Her little heart was touched.

"Noarly fifty years." "Mercy! that's a long time." Her quick glance travelled over his threadbare suit. Maybo Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages." He laughed again.

"He seems to think I'm worth only my board and clother.". "Dear, dear! An, he's so very rich. We went by his house once -papa an' mamma offers him the second of cup | mamma an' me-an' it looked so big coffee." The old man took the second an dark. Maining said she'd just like sandwich, but he frowned a little at to have the care of it for a while, Bhe'd | Corners. lot in the air an' sunshine, an' drive out the dust an' the gloom an' sho'd "That's just what papa says to mani- try to make life really worth livin' for ms sometimes," cried the child. "An' | the lonely old man. That's what mammamma says she guesses he'd have me said. An' papa said he guessed hard work to find anybody who could I mamma could do it if anybody could

make a dollar go further than she can. | You know Mr. Ramsey. What do you "It might to an experiment worth | the exchange next morning. ways she's always afraid to look the trying," he said. Then he stared into calendar in the face for fear rest day the pasteboard box. "Why, look at pipes in the Methodist Church Satura am I, thank you." And she made him has come round again. Where do you. this," he cried; "the lunch has all dis. day night, and in consequence the new, there is a woman who is a true appeared! Im sure I ate more than half of it. Come, now, how much do I | Monday.

> owo you?" liked it.' "It was the best luncheon I have eaten for years," said the old man.

"I'll remember an' toll mamma that. Sho'll be roul pleased. An' how sho will laugh when I tell her you asked what you owed me." "The old man put his hand doep in wayn't very anxious to trade. An' i his pocket and drow out an ancient I told name what Mr. Ityan said, loather wallet. From this he extractun' he pulled one of my curls an' said | ed a bill and smoothed it on his knoe, | business at the Metropolitan studio | to get to Mexico?' "There is a lanfe boy whose name is for some time, has purchased the buel-Ramsey's millions twice over. That's | Joo," hoslowly said. "He needs a chair.

price of these things ?" The oblid's eyes sparkled as she stared at the bill. "Yes, yes t" she answered. "Mamma went an' found out. You can got the kind of chair Joe wants for \$15. An' a

"Here's \$20," and the old man. He watched her with an amused

"Money is a protty good thing, isn't | from the pocket in her frock and tacked the bill into it. Then when the little "I guess it is," the oldid replied. purse was restored to it's place, she

> The old man finshed a little. "Just as you ploase," he said. He stooped and she touched wrinkled check with her line. "You're a very ploe man," she said. Then she hositated. "But didn't you need that money for yourself?" He shook his head. "I guess I can

Then came an interruption. "Elsle," a voice called from the door "It's pape," or lod the ohlid. The old man looked around "Well, Fonton P"

"I trust she haun't botherod

"We haven't bothered each other r

bit," oriod the ghild. The old man shook hid head. he looked back to the man in the door- was bord.

The eyes of the man in the doorway

"I'll tell her, wir." "And, Penton!" "Yes, sir." "You may leave the child here unt

TWENTY YEARS ADO. Condensed from the Free Press Jan. 10th, tess.

Menut Cleo. Hypide, L. Q. Matthows, R. B. Jermyn, Milin Cameron, Jr. Wm. Hemstreat, Thos. Cameron, JA, John Ellfott and Jas. Stewart were the delegates appointed to attend the Conon the 17th. At the convention seven "Yes, I think so, too. When a man's gentlemen were numinated for the

the general election. The new Council for Acton met and organized, and Mesers. T. T. Moore, Can you put the cornstalk back or and A. E. Nicklin were appointed

The Public School Board appointed Luther Lyman caretaker of the school at \$125 salary. This was not the The child gave a little scream of de- lowest tender, but he had given provious satisfactory service.

> . Mr. Jus. Conley, postmaster at Spey-W. II. Storey & Son, Acton, report that their trade during the year was to lay the declining marriage rate to

year: - Chloago Canadian-America. A song service, largely attended and much onjoyed was held on Sunday men and women go on marrying, as I evening in the Methodist Church, in suppose they always have. But it's "Why, that's too bad. Did your folks | connection with which Rev. R. Phillips | customary now to bewall the way preached from Rev. 5, 0. "And they marriage is going out of fashion, and sing a new song." The congregation to say it's because a wife is such a joined heartily in hymn, and the choir costly luxury nowadays that a man Dr. Stucey in driving out of Alex.

corner at the foad. The horse ran among women? It is said that away and on reaching Acton ran woman's dress costs so much. It may 1 down Mill St., and Park Ave., taking and yet there is many a clever-fingered "No," he answered. "I don't believe a turn around the race course, thence woman who contrives to look marvelout to Maria St., west, being finally lously well on a very small income. Her glance fell on the half caten found by pursuers lying on its back in And if women do spend money on a anow drift near John Mann's, in Krin. It is a singular coincidence that look shabby. He thinks it will make Joseph Barber, of Georgetown, and ble business associates think he lin't "Yes," he answered, "I am too Jas. Young, of Cornwall paper mills, in which Barber Bros. are shareholders. who were in business together for By plainness of dress, economical "Have you worked here long?" she about half a century, should both die habite, etc., etc. Not at all. He is

the same day. PROM OUR ISSUE OF JAN. 20. At the meeting of the County expensive luxuries, a few of them-the Council on Thursday, W. H. Storey. Evil., was elected Warden of the everything money can buy-doubtless

Frozen noses, cheeks, ears and toes were common amongst the teamsters on Saturday.

caught fire on Tuesday evening, and more prettily dressed; and she, too. canved some alarm. The fire was soon always looks well. Her husband has extinguished:

take. Being an honest man he made berself. And with all this she is a Jack Frost played haveg with steam

"Why," cried the child, "you don't to service in Knox Church, slipped on vel," ended the older woman, "considowe me anything. I couldn't out it all the sidewalk and fell, injuring her ering how poorly most girls are educaan' papa didn't have time. I hope you arm. She proceeded to church, and ted to play the role of wife." although suffering considerably, did not realise that it was broken, until Dr. Lowry explained the fact to her be-

fore returning. Special services have been held for two weeks in Knox Church. Rev. D. Strachan, of Rockwood, as sisted the pastor.

Mr. H. Rumshaw, who has been it charge of Mr. A. A. Rechy's photo ness. He is a graduate of Mr. O. W the man papa works for. Do you know | Do you know anything about the Hill, so well known to our readers as an night away from home. At bedtime

"At the nest little church on the hill" a ton meeting, celebrating its her prayers, expecting the usual fiftieth anniversary was held on the prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable 21th. Doscondants to the third generation of the poincers who planted the cause here were present in great numbers. The only one present who attended the opening services fifty years ago, was Mrs. Jacob Swackhamer, now in her 88th year. Mr. H. P. Moore was chairman, and Rev. Jos. Unsworth for many years pastor, sent un Interesting-communication which was read by Rev. G. Richardson, pastor. Rev. G. Robertson, shother ox-pastor gave an address, as also Rov. J. W. Pedlay, of Georgetown Mr. D. Johnston gave a reading "The

Pastor's Vacation." The church was opened in 1838 by Rev. Hiram Denny Delegates to the Reform Convention were: J. A. Mowat, Col. Allan, Geo Havill, Jno. Lawson, V.S., Jno. Kelly, and J. R. Worden.

PRESE-CLIPPING HUMON.

of the City of New York received a power to heal and strengthen is beletter from a press-olipping agency. | cause it contains in a highly concec-The letter imformed the Professor that | trated form all of the curative, medihis patronage was desired, and as a cinal and strength-creating elements sample of the work he would find en- of eod liver oil, notually taken from closed a clipping from a speech by freels code livers, with the useless, Provident Rousevelt, in which he had | nauseating oil eliminated and tonic quoted the Professor's words. Pro- fron added. founds Burko read the olipping nearly | · So sure are we of what Vinol w through before he realised the Preel- do that we ask every person in Acton dent was quoting from Edward suffering from weak lungs, stubborn, Burke's speech on "Conciliation with backing coughs, or any wasting disthe American Colonies," delivered ease to try Vinel on our offer to return "No," hennewered, "not abit." Then | about 100 years before Prof. Burke money if it fells. . E. A. Robertson,

CAN YOU ANSWERT

Can you put the spider's web back in Its place That once has been swept away?

Can you put the apple ugain on the Which fell at your feet to-day? Can you put the llly-cup back on the

And cause it to live and grow? Oan you mend the butterfly's broken That you crushed with a baby blow? Can you put the bloom again on the

Of the grape again on the vine? Oau you put the develope back on the And make them sparkly and abine ?

Udn you put the petale back on the It you could, would it amvit an went? Can you not the flower hgain in the

And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the Or the broken egg in its shell? Oun you put the honey back in the And cover with wax each call?

Oan you put the perfume back in the When once it has sped away? Or the down on the catkle-asy? You think that my questions are trifling, dear :

Can a hasty word he ever unsaid, Or an unkind deed undone?

Let me ask you another one !

NOT ALL HER FAULT. "I think it very unfair," said & I young married woman, "this tendency about \$25,000 greater than the provious | the extravagance of women. I doubt If the marriage rate is declining, myself; according to my observation. naturally hesitates before taking one. Don't men have their little extrava-Sprowl's lane on the 18th, was upset gances, too? Aren't there spenders out of his cutter when rounding the among men as well-or as ill-as dress, a man hates to have his wife "doing well." And how is a man "caught"-to use a vulgar phrase?

attracted by pretty dress." "I'm afraid you're right," said an older woman. "And as to wives being girle who are brought up to have are. But for every one of these there are dozene like a woman I'm thinking of. She was an only child, and married out of a home in which there Mr. Harry Gibbons, third line, to were never less than five servants, and conducting good sized singing schools I she always had a maid to dress her. at the Brick Church and Crewsons Yet now she makes her own clothes and those of her three little daughters. Isbbage's planing mill smokustack and you wouldn't wish to see children a small income, and it takes about all Saturday, a Nassagaweya farmer they have to live and educate the oblibought a barrel of salt in Guelph, dren. One year when there had been when he opened it at homb he found | sickness and heavy expenses, she even he had got a barrel of pork by mis- sent away the cook and got the meals good contrade for her husband. It is true, he is the best of husbands, not above helping with the children. But. services were held in the town hall, on | helpmeet, putting her shoulders to the wheel and doing her part. And there Mrs. John Lawson, sen., on her way are plenty like her-which is a mar-

"Very hany," replied the latter.

WIT AND HUMON. One more question," said the Trust magnate to the applicant. "How's

"Good," oried the magnate, "the job "Can you tell me the quickest wa

A tiny four-year-old was spending a

"Do I look like a bank cashier ?"

she knelt at her hostess' knee to say to help her out she concluded thus : "Please, God, 'souse me. I can't remember my prayers and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."

"Did you ask her father for her band?" "And the quest was bootless?" "Well-er-not exactly bootless, but he turned me down, If that's what you

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consumption. So also are lungs weakened by disease or by a stubborn bucking cough No matter what the cause, Vinol strengthens weak lungs and gives one the power to throw of wasting dis-

Prof. Edmund Burke of the College | The reason that Vinol has such